b.67.f.16.
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THE SUCCESSION.

Eusebia Triumphans:

CARMEN HANOVERANIS Imperiali Coronæ ANGLIÆ SUCCESSORIBUS Dicatum.

Auctore *Elkanah Settle.*

LONDINI:

Anno. MDCCV.

Eusebia Triumphans.

THE

HANOVER SUCCESSION

TO THE

Imperial CROWN

OF

ENGLAND,

AN

Heroick POEM.

Pro aris & focis.

LONDON,

Printed for the Author. MDCCV.

TO THE

Lords and Commons

OF

ENGLAND.

Gentlemen,

THE Act of Settlement, *possibly the Noblest Work of your whole fair Creation, has fixt that Lasting Honour on the Great Founders, as shall only terminate with the Date of that Pile of Glory,* viz. *The National Happiness this Establishment has rais'd; that Happiness, which, in the fairest Prospect of Humane Reason and Expectation seems rooted with so firm an Entail of Blessings, as shall descend to latest Ages: And consequently Time's last Glass, which shall only shake the one, shall silence the other.*

To do Right to this Augusst Assembly, *for so Glorious a Labour, You have so much more signally exerted the Patriots, as 'tis not so much a Present or Temporal Zeal for your Countries Safety, as a Provision for her Futurity; whilst like the Setting of the Acorne, the Growth and the Umbrage the Great Product shall bring, are design'd to enrich Posterity.*

To add one (no common) Glory more to this Propitious Settlement, it had the Honour more peculiarly to derive its Birth from the never to be forgotten Champion of the English *Liberties, the Great* NASSAU. *And indeed there wanted only the Royal Production of this last* Minerva, *to compleat his Character, and finish the* HERO. *For as He came over to recover our Religious and Civil Rights, the only remaining great Work of Consummation was to perpetuate them too. And possibly, amongst his whole ever fragrant Memoirs, this last shall remain not the least Monument of his Deathless Fame. For as the Policy to secure a Victory,*

To the Lords and Commons of *England.*

a Victory is no leſs important than the Proweſs to atchieve it; the Deliverance he brought us, had not reacht the full height of Perfection, till to make it compleatly Glorious, he had thus laid it a Foundation *of Immortality.*

The Diſputes of Imperial Succeſſion, *have too often been the greateſt Diſturbers of the World; and conſequently, of all the* Senatory *Great* COUNSELS, *the effectual providing and fencing againſt all riſing Clouds from that Louring Region, appears ſo truly the moſt celebrated Act of the whole Wiſdom of the Nation, as being, of all her Undertakings, the moſt Pacifick.*

And as ſo many Parliamentary Precedents & Records of the Diſpoſal of the Royal Deſcent *lie ſo fair before You, 'tis Your no little Happineſs,* Gentlemen, *and no leſs the Glory of Your unqueſtion'd* Engliſh *Birthright, that You ſit in thoſe Walls, not only to give Your ſelves Your own Laws, but likewiſe the* ROYAL HANDS *in which You truſt them too.*

Nor have Your own ſtrenuous Reſolves ſhin'd only in this Eſtabliſhment; the very Arm of Providence it ſelf has joyn'd You in ſo Illuſtrious a Cauſe; when the Tranſport of the Victorious Bannors of England *to the very Banks of the* Danube, *is ſo viſible an Indication of the Concurrence of thoſe more Powerful Aſpects, the Smiles of an aſſiſting Heaven; that the Oracles of* Britain *in this Settlement of her* Succeſſion, *as they had the Breath of* Juſtice *to deliver them, ſo they have the Arm of Power to ſupport them.*

Under the Influence of this favourable Aſcendant undoubtedly that Prince that's thus introduced by the more immediate Voice of the Whole Conſtitution, *makes the moſt pompous Entry to a Throne, when his Royal Palace is a Fabrick rais'd by no leſs then the whole joyn'd Hands of* England. *And the Crown'd Head may there reaſonably expect the greateſt Alacrity in the National Obedience, where the Supreme Command is her own Voluntary and Select Donation.*

The PREFACE.

BEFORE we enter into ſo beautiful a Proſpect as that of the great Theme before us, give us leave to make a ſhort ſtop in the Portico, to caſt a look on a few unbending Knees amongſt us, an unbelieving Race, if not too wilfully, at leaſt too unreaſonably blind, to the Glory of this SUCCESSION; not that their Numbers or their Power are worth a Thought; nor would we make ſo poor a Digreſſion from the Exalted Subject we have undertaken, to deſcend to converſe with Diſcontents and Murmurs; any otherwiſe than that, though the Snarles of Malice and Prejudice are the Objects of onr Scorn; however thoſe of Perſwaſion and Principle ought to move our Pity: And as ſuch, 'tis in tenderneſs for the Converſion of this laſt Infidelity, we would humbly offer a little Light of Reaſon, for diſpelling the Miſt before them.

Theſe Malecontents found their unhappy Diſſent againſt this Eſtabliſhment, on a too reigning Tenent among 'em, *viz.* That the next Heir of an Hereditary Monarchy claims by a Right Divine, ſo abſolutely uninfringible by all Humane Ordination, Power, or Authority, on any pretence whatever; that let the proſpect of the Adminiſtration from the next Lineal Succeſſor be more dreadful than our very Fears can paint it; however bound by that Evangelical Precept, *That we muſt not do Ill, that Good may come of it*; they make it a matter of Conſcience to promote his Acceſſion to the Throne not only by their warmeſt Wiſhes and Prayrs, but by the utmoſt Endeavours and Studies of their Lives; while the tranſports of Zeal ev'n hurry them ſo far, that they rejoyce at every Wound made in the Sides of their Bleeding Country; ſing *Te Deum* at every Triumph of our Enemies; nay, want nothing leſs then the whole Necks of Enſlaved *Europe* under the Feet of *France*, and all to enable her to mount their young Hopes at St. *Germans* into the Throne of *England*.

As this ponderous weight of Conſcience ſets all theſe rapid Wheels a driving; to examine therefore the

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Strength of this main Article of their Faith, we ſhall firſt refer them even to their own great Idol of *France*, their preſent beſt darling for no other Merit then being the greateſt Enemy to the *HANOVER Succeſſion*; and deſire 'em to recollect, that ev'n He, their own *Lewis* himſelf, holds his own Imperial Crown by the very ſame Tenure, *An Act of Settlement*.

The great Founders of the *Salick-Law* were ſo far from mounting their ſucceeding Monarchs by this *Jure divino*; that on the contrary they forecloſed the whole Birthright of the Daughters of *France*, to the end of the World; who otherwiſe in a Hereditary Succeſſion, by the claim of Nature, in caſe of Failure of the Male-Line, are equally entituled to the Right of Inheritance; and all for no other State Reaſon, then the meer Shadow of a popular Fear, of effeminating the Warlick *Gauls* under a Female Regency, *&c.* A Shadow indeed! ay, and *Lewis* himſelf has prov'd it ſuch: For wherein lies the Defect of a Female Hand in weilding a Scepter? 'Tis true, ſhe cannot, upon occaſion, lead Armies, however, ſhe may keep thoſe that can. A *Deborah* may have a Soul as great as a *Jeptha*; and a *Semiramis* an Ambition equal to an *Alexander*. Nay, this very ſame *Lewis* that has been forty Years in Wars, and yet never draws Sword, might have equally atcheived his every individual Conqueſt, worne all the ſame Laurels, and reign'd the very ſame Diſturber of the World, had his cold-blooded Father's twenty Years Expectation been only bleſt with a Petticoat *Deodate* for his Succeſſor. If therefore the Law-makers of *France*, for their National Safety, are allowed to exclude their Female Deſcendants, only to fence againſt a Fantom; does not our Proviſion from the ſame motive of Safety, carry infinitely ſtronger Reaſon and Juſtice with it, in ſheilding againſt our more ſubſtantial Danger, by the Excluſion of our *Romiſh Heirs*, ſo notoriouſly deſtructive to the preſent conſtitution of *England*. Nay, as our Murmurers are as fond of the Branch as the Root, no leſs paſſionately devoted to the preſent *Philip* of *Spain*, then to his Grandfather: If they are ſo warm

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in the Juſtification of the late Diſpoſal of the *Spaniſh* Crown by the bare laſt Will of a dying crazed King (ſuppoſing no worſe Play) and yet ſo implacable againſt the Settlement of an *Engliſh* Succeſſion, eſtabliſh't both by King and People in their ſober ſound Senſes, the whole national Wiſdom together; quere, whether our Frenchified Zealots are not a Kin to that perverſe Generation, that ſwallow the Camel and ſtrain at the Gnat.

If this unalienable Right of Blood ſtood founded on all this unmovable Baſis of Divinity, 'tis certainly a matter of no little wonder to reflect, that in ſo important a Structure as the whole Government and Regulation of humane Society, the Preſervation of Mankind being undoubtedly God's ſecond great Work, next to his Creation of them, and all ſo highly depending on the Regal Adminiſtration of Power; the whole Divine Records ſhould be ſo ſilent on that Subject, as to leave us not the leaſt hint of a Divine Command for the Eſtabliſhment of any ſuch unalterable Succeſſion of Kings No, we are ſo far from finding any Divine Precepts for the Confirmation of ſo indiſpenſible a Lineal Right, that we have Precedents ev'n from God himſelf of his own Diſpenſation to the contrary, when the very ſecond anointed Monarch over his own darling People, was a *David*, not a *Jonathan*. Nay, the very Preſervation ev'n of the Prerogative of God Himſelf ſeems to enforce the neceſſity of a diſpenſing Power ſometimes to ſet aſide the Lineal Claim of Royal Veins: For this extravagant ſuppoſition of Imperial Right of Inheritance lying under no humane Check nor Controul, expoſes Mankind to that naked and defenſeleſs State, that they ſtand obliged to throw open their very doors to let in their own Deſtruction; whilſt the next Heir, upon this uncontrollable Preſumption of Right, thereby abſolutely ſecure and utterly fearleſs of Diſpoſeſſion, ſtands free to imbibe all the moſt pernicious Principles, and from thence to give a looſe to every exorbitant Luſt of Power that ſhall prompt him to break in upon the whole Right of the People, and the whole Frame of Government, in Gratification to that Luſt. Thus what does this chimerical Notion of unalterable

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Succeſſion amount to leſs, then that the Almighty Founder of Order and Harmony, that ſets up Kings, as the ſupreme Miniſters of Juſtice and Nurſing Fathers to their People, his own Viceregents, and ev'n the neareſt Image of himſelf; is here ſuppoſed to convey down to Crown'd Heads that unaccountable Divine Right, a pure Emanation from himſelf, as ſhall deſtroy his own intended Fabrick of Majeſty, to the utter defacing of his own true Image, whenever the headlong Adminiſtration of Oppreſſion and Tyranny ſhall thing fit to obliterate the whole Lineaments of the Divinity.

If theſe overnice Scrupuliſts want a LawfulBar to the Succeſſion: What do they think of *Ideotiſm* or *Lunacy*? If a Natural Incapacity of Regal Adminiſtration in ſuch a caſe may juſtly exclude a next Heir; ſhall not a Political one equally warrant an Excluſion. If the whole Community, for the publick Preſervation, may with Juſtice refuſe the Reins of an Eſtabliſh'd Government, to a Hand too weak to hold them, are they ſuch Criminals in denying them to the Hand that will tear 'em to pieces; the Depravity of right Reaſon being unqueſtionably more dreadful at the Helm of Power then the Deprivation of it. We tremble before a Reigning *Nero*, when we pity a grazing *Nebuchadnezar*; the Brutality of the firſt being infinitely more terrible then that of the laſt.

If the legal Poſſeſſor of the Crown in concurrence with a whole Kingdom cannot divert the Deſcent from the next of Blood without a manifeſt Violation of a Right, derived all from God; then under theſame Obligation of Juſtice, as they cannot diveſt him of the Crown, neither can they ſtrip a Jewel from it: 'Tis Robbery to pillage a Portico; and 'tis but Robbery to ranſack a whole Pallace. And what's the diſmal Conſequence of this Poſition, but that every Branch of the preſent *Engliſh* Liberties, obtained in Favour of the Subject, by the leaſt retrenchment from the Original exorbitant Power of Majeſty, ſome of them the dear bought Purchaſe of *Engliſh* Blood, and all of them the moſt ſolemn Eſtabliſhment of the whole Legiſlative Authority; are only a waſte-paper Bundle of Records

that expired with the Generation that made them: For the Poſſeſſor cannot bind the Succeſſour. Thus by one ſingle Blaſt from the Mouth of *Divine Right*, the whole Humane Oracles from St. *Stephen*'s *Chappel* are as utterly confounded as the Languages at *Babel*. Nay, from this Hypotheſis of Government, we may very reaſonably ask, Whether a Romiſh Succeſſor, holding by no humane Tenure, but mounting purely by this *Jure Divino*, may not pretend to the Re-eſtabliſhment of Popery, even by a Legal and and unqueſtionable Branch of his own hereditary Prerogative; the Protection and Patronage of his own Old Mother-Church being undoubtedly the native Claim of his Royal Predeceſſours: And conſequently in reſtoring of Popery ev'n to her higheſt Glory and Authority, he only reſumes an Imperial Plume ſo long and ſo injuriouſly clipt from the Creſt of his Anceſtors. And if the warm Zealots for this exotick Scheme of Right, are for handing a Romaniſt to the Throne as owing his Succeſſion wholly to a Title from God, and not at all from Man; they need not fear but where his whole Obligation lies, his whole gratitude will be paid; and how paid, our trembling Altars and Liberties may very eaſily, and indeed but too dreadfully apprehend.

To expoſe the yet greater Abſurdities of this model of Divine Right, ſo abſolutely above the Power of any Humane Limitations, we need no more then trace Hereditary Governments up to their Original. Here we find, that it has ſo pleas'd the great Diſpenſer, that all Nations whatever have had (more or leſs) their various Revolutions, inſomuch that the preſent Hereditary Monarchies now in the World have all their viſible, ſome an Elder and ſome a more Modern, Riſe and Foundation. When then, and where muſt this ſuppos'd lineal Right commence? Not earlier than the firſt Royal Veins, from whence it ſprings. For the chimerical Suppoſition of an inherent Right of Monarchical Succeſſion antecedent to the Monarchy it ſelf, is an expreſs contradiction to common Senſe; ev'n more ridiculous, then the Exiſtence of Form and Accidents before Matter and Subſtance.

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Now as theſe Revolutions of Monarchy are generally the Acquiſition of *Conqueſt*, all from the Humane Arm of Power: For whether attain'd by a more eaſie or forcible Entry, with a voluntary Submiſſion or compulſive Subjection of the People: Whether the new Lords are mounted into the Sadle by Foreign or Domeſtick Hands; 'tis much the ſame: All but the Work of Power. Here then to give a little farther Light into the Merit of this Divine Right of Succeſſion, we ought firſt to examine this Original Baſis of it, *Conqueſt*; poſſibly a very muddy Fountain Head, how clear ſoever the deſcending Current from it may run, as being too often acquired by Invaſion and Rapine, and all the irregular Violences of Ambition; nay, ſometimes by downright Rebellion: However whether ſupported by a juſt or an unjuſt Cauſe; that's no Bar to its Title; 'tis ſufficient its Reputation ſtands juſtified by *Succeſs*, the Smiles of which like thoſe of the Sun ſhine as well on the unrighteous as the righteous. If then a crown'd Conqueror, though by trampling o'er all that's ſacred; perhaps by the utter Abolition and Extinction of that undiſputable Right that poſſibly has been derived down through a long ſucceſſive Reign of Ages to the former, now conquered, and for ever diſpoſſeſt, Royal Veins; diſmounted too, by no other Demerit or Forfeiture then the bare weakneſs of an Arm, and ſhortneſs of a Sword: If this crown'd Conquerour, I ſay, tho' by the worſt of all theſe Acceſſions to Empire ſhall ſet up a new Right, ay a Divine one too, convey'd down to his own Lineal Veins, and eſtabliſht by no leſs a Sanction then that of the Univerſal *Law of Nations*, and conſequently confirmed and recognized by the whole Voice of the World; (for ſuch is the Claim of *Conqueſt*) ſhall then this ſanguinary Foundation and Structure of Monarchy ſtand ſo upright in the Eyes of all Mankind; and on the other ſide, ſhall not the unanimous and ſedate Decrees of a whole Government with infinitely more Honour and Juſtice make that more innocent Breach into the lineal Deſcent of Kings, not by diſſolving, but only taking out a broken Link from the Chain of Succeſſion, by ſetting aſide an expectant Heir of a Crown, utterly unqualified for the Regal Adminiſtration. If

The PREFACE.

If Monarchy is a Fabrick all built in a day; which though never ſo haſtily or irregularly rais'd, however muſt never admit of any Variation or Alteration, whilſt the firſt Founders are ſuppoſed to ſtamp that ſacred and inviolable Right of Succeſſion, on the deſcendant Veins of Majeſty, that the profane Hands both of King and People for ſucceeding Ages, muſt not dare to touch; what's all this but exalting one ſingle Generation of Men, up to a conclave of Gods, iſſuing forth nothing leſs then Divine and immutable Decrees; and at the ſame time debaſing their deſcending Race beneath them only to an Inferiour Claſs of meer impotent Mortals, who upon their leaſt Preſumption of altering the Celeſtial Edicts of their Almighty Original (tho under the moſt threatning Danger, and the moſt preſſing Neceſſity of ſelf Preſervation) are immediately ſtigmatized with no leſs a Brand then that of downright Rebellion, againſt the Godhead of their Great Grandfathers.

In this fair Scrutiny into the Original of Monarchy, as much as the Handy-work of Humane Pow'r may contribute to its Creation, we wou'd not be thought guilty of any Deſign of Diſroabing it of the ſmalleſt Native Plume, or leaſt Aſſumption of Divinity, that either the Character or Right of crown'd Heads can Challenge: We hope we ſhall not ſtand charged with diminiſhing the leaſt Ray that circles an Imperial Brow for only traceing it up to the Fount of Light from whence it ſprings.

Soveraignty made its great Entry much like that of *Marriage*, both equally of *Divine Inſtitution*; one, the Ordinance of God for the Peopling; and the other, for the governing the World. And truly whether we look up to the Sublimer Inauguration of the proudeſt Royal Hand that eſpouſes a Kingdom, or down to the pooreſt Rural one that weds a Wife; ſtill we ſhall find that the Bonds of *Soverain* and *Subject*, like thoſe of *Bridegroom* and *Bride*, have much the ſame Induction.

For whether the *King* or *Huſband* on one ſide ſeals his Solemn Vows and Oaths *to maintain and cheriſh*; or the *Subject* or *Wife* on the other, *to love honour and obey*; ſtill 'tis all but Humane Inclination Convenience and Intereſt that brings the kind Couple; together, the pre-

previous grand Union of Hearts the meer Dictates of Fleſh and Blood: Tis the Religious and ſacred Knot that joyns the Hands, the *plighted Faith* only that gives it the Sanction of *Divinity*. Tis thus the bending Knees and devoted Hearts erect the Throne of Majeſty, whilſt the whole Glory of Kings from hence only receives its Conſecration. And tis from hence the crown'd Head is enſtall'd the Anointed Vicegerent of God. And as from this Introduction he holds by a Divine Tenure; ſo the Eſtabliſht Heir, from the ſame Preengagement of our ſworn Faith and Obedience, claims by a Divine Right of Inheritance; whilſt the Univerſal *Vox populi* (for that of King and People together is undeniably ſuch) is the true *Vox Dei* that calls him the Rightful Succeſſour to the Throne. And tis thus a *King never Dyes*; whilſt this Precontract of Allegiance, our publick Oaths of Fidelity to his Eſtabliſht Succeſſion, ſo confirmes the deſcending Right, that the Ceremony of Coronation is little more than an Honourary piece of Formality.

The numerous Arguments on this Subject would ſwell too large for the narrow compaſs of a Preface; we ſhall therefore conclude, by making the Romiſh Pretenders of nearer Blood to the Crown, aggrieved by this *Act of Settlement*, ev'n their own Judges, whether with right Reaſon they can think themſelves truly injur'd by this Excluſion. By asking them, whether they don't believe, that any of the preſent Romiſh Hereditary Monarchies of *Europe*, making the Paralel Caſe the ſame on their ſide) ſuppoſing a Proteſtant Heir amongſt them, equally animated by a Principle of *Divine Merit* to trample all humane Obligations under foot, and harden'd to the running all Hazards for the breaking down the whole Ramparts of their Religion and Liberties; would not make the ſame Proviſion for the Defence of their Altars, as we have done for ours, by the very ſame Excluſion.

Ay, and all that too ſo far from a Violation of the Divine Right of Lineal Deſcent, that undoubtedly their own great Oracle at *Rome*, the Voice of *Infallibility* itſelf, would, on the quite contrary, give the Cauſe on the Excluders ſide: Nay poſſibly be as hearty in his holy Fulminations againſt ſuch a Succeſſour's Acceſſion to a Throne, as ever one of his famous Predeceſſors Pope *Pius Quintus* was, for diſmounting a Queen *Elizabeth* from a Throne.

SUCCESSIO.

IMMENSI ſuprà Myrias cùm ſubdita Regni
ÆTERNUM, æterno cantûque genûque colendum,
Nec feſſa, agnôrant; Infinitum, *heu nimis arctum*
NUMINIS Imperium, geminato pondere Cœli
Liminibuſque novis extendere, Diva Voluntas,
Tanta ſcabella DEI, poſuit fundamina Mundi.
Sexta Dies en vidit opus; *Vox ſola laborem*
Hæc fabra perfecit. Totum omnibus Eſto *dat eſſe.*
Sic Solem *accendit, qui Lucis grandior Orbis*
Et Terris Aſtriſque benignè accommodat ignes,
Æternæ LUCIS *famulus, lumenque miniſtrum.*

Extructum Omnipotens nunc Conditor Æthera *vidit*
Expanſumque, Throni Confinia ſplendida, Mundum.
Dumque ignita polus tot millia Lumina volvit;
Centralemque globum tam vaſtè Circulus ambit,
Quô non reſplendens operoſi machina Cœli :
Heu tamen iſte Labor primorum quinque dierum
Uni tota patet ſexto ſubſrvula moles.
Numinis *hic Prorex, HOMO, vendicat Aſtra poloſque.*
Huic datur extenſis, haud plus quàm tegmine, Cœlis,
Infima ſubjectas calcare pedulia Terras.

Hæc Ditio, *hic* Dominus *dum ſic ſtetit, undique Imago*
Maxime, *magna*, Deus, *tua jam diffuſa per Orbem,*
Floruit Humani Generis divina Propago :
Stemmata tot radice unâ deducta paternâ.
Dumque hinc Naturæ Dominatio; *tanta pateſcunt*
Humanæ ſobolis patrimonia : Ceu vagus Ignis Illo

The SUCCESSION.

WHEN' midſt the Myriads of his Angel Train
The Great IMMORTAL in his boundleſs (Reign,
T'increaſe his Subjects and enlarge his Sway,
Foundations of new *Worlds* was pleas'd to lay;
His vaſt *Creation* Foot-ſtool fram'd beneath;
His ſix Days Work, the Labour of a Breath:
He lighted up the SUN, a menial Ray
To his Original Everlaſting DAY.

Here the great ARCHITECT, all pleas'd look'd down
To ſee this beauteous Outwork to his Throne:
The whole expanded Pile adorn'd ſo bright,
With Thouſand and ten Thouſand Orbs of Light.
With this vaſt Circle round the central Ball,
In that fair Mould the bright Creation caſt;
Yet ſtill his whole firſt five Days Labours, all,
Were only fram'd for Vaſſals to the Laſt,
His own great Viceroy, MAN; the Heav'ns no more
Then his high Roof, and Earth his humble Floor.

Such the Dominion, ſuch the Regent Head,
Th' Almighty FOUNDER ſaw his Image ſpread;
A multiplying Race, the lovely Fruit,
All richly ſprung from one paternal Root.
Such the vaſt Soveraign Birthright of Mankind,
For Nature's Univerſal Lord deſign'd;

The

Ille Diem irradians ; vel flamma minuta per umbras
Scintillans ; longo volvuntur Sydera curſù :
Cum totâ Annorum Tempeſtatumque phalange
Huic ſoli Præfecto *inſervitura rotantur.*
Gloria tanta Homini, tantâque ab Origine nato,
Muſica Spherarum cui concinit alta Triumphum,
Nil mirum eſt, elatum ANIMA *cùm pectus anhelet.*
Huic datur exanimis moles, Dominoque miniſtrat,
Quem MENS, *quem RATIO, ſpirans divinius, inflat.*

Cùm tam munificè dederat Deus omnia, (verè
Omnia, ſe dederat : Mens eſt cœleſtis Origo,
Subjectæ divuſque Vicarius incola Terræ)
Dumque Homa, Cura Dei, dilectum Nomen, Honores
Tot tantoſque refert, ornatque hæc Gratia pectus ;
Humano ut quid adhuc Divinius emicet ore,
Amplius hoc homini donavit Numen, Obedi.
Oh quid Obedire, hoc munus cœleſtius, affert?
Quò Mens *evehitur ! Quid non* Anima *ambiat ! Altè*
Tam latèque volat nimis expatiata Voluntas ;
Nil niſi Lex *rapidas* Regimen*que coerceat alas :*
Harmonia hinc orta eſt, Ordoque, Ligamina Mundi.
Pluſquam Pierios Fontes Deus hinc dedit Aſtris ;
Hinc Chorus Æternus, reſonantia gaudia Cœli.
Cœlicolis quid Stella, Coronaque? Maxima Divûm
Gloria Obedire eſt : Hinc, Angele, *ſumis honorem.*

Utque tuis, ſurſùm REGIMEN diviniùs ortum,
Cardinibus moveant, Orbis non conditus, ille
Heu longùm ante Orbes ; Palatiaque alta Columnis
Pluſquam Sydereis ; (Deus hic videt Aſtra deorſùm :)
Grandius

The Fires that gild the Day, and deck the Night,
With their whole Train of Seaſons, Days and Years,
All their whole Hierarchy his miniſtring Light;
For him they dance their round, and tune their Spheres.
Nor wonder MAN that native Glory claim'd; (
He wore a SOUL: His Breaſt ſo richly ſtor'd;
Juſtly th' inanimate Creation fram'd
A Homager t' Imperial REASON's Lord.

The great DISPENSER when he thus decreed
For Man the whole great All (the All indeed!
The GOD himſelf he gave; all Heav'nly born
The Graces which the Human Breaſt adorn;)
What tho' ſo num'rous, and ſo large his Grants,
Man in a Tributary World he plants;
His Lordly Creature ſtill new Grandeur wants.
For tho' thus born to this exalted Sway,
To make him Greater ſtill, he muſt *Obey*.
Unbounded *Will*, Man's too expanded Mind,
The Fence of Laws and Government muſt bind.
Order and Harmony from Obedience ſprung;
Obedience tuned the Everlaſting Song.
The whole bright Choir their duteous homage pay;
Their Crowns of Stars but half their Beams diſplay:
The high'ſt Angelick Glory's to obey.

If GOVERNMENT's the Standart Rule above,
His own High'r Heav'ns on her bleſt Hinges move;
Heav'ns long before Creation work begun;
The Throne whence God looks down on Stars and Sun;

Grandius haud poterat Prudentia Diva, *ſupernum*
Quàm poſuiſſe ſuum Exemplar, totaſque regendas
Ex ſolo ſtatuiſſe ſuo moderamine Terras——
Si modò mandantem datur omnibus edere vocem,
Nemine parenti mandatis——Vana chimæra!
Nec foret Imperii chaos hoc cæleſtis origo.
Horrida deformes ubi prodit Anarchia *vultus,*
Nil habet iſta Dei, effigies inverſa Deorum.
Sic ergo ut Superis, ex hoc tutamine fulto,
Decretum eſt, Suprema Poteſtas *imperet Orbi;*
Quid ſi picta Dei ſit forma minutior ore
Humano; ut Radio majore niteſceret Umbra,
Archetypum *excudit, toto de* Numine, *REGEM.*

Imò ita mundanum inſtituit moderamen ad inſtar
Divini Solii: Nauarchuſque unicus adſit
Clavo Regnorum: Caput Imperiale coruſcat
Cùm tam grandis Honos; hinc Gentibus undique lætis,
Ludere ſub Radiis datur, & dormire ſub Umbrâ.
Tanta dat Imperium: Quid non? Hinc omnia; ab illo
Gloria, Paxque, Saluſque eſt Emanatio Fonte.
Sub Duce Cæleſti ſic viderat Iſrael *olim,*
Æquo Præſidio, Miro majore beatus,
(En nubem te das LUX ſempiterna; tuiſque
Quid non das?) præ ſe progreſſum umbratile Numen;
Et tutelarem flammantem nocte Columnam.

Dum Regimen, *ſacrum Caput illum, tanta coronant*
Lumina; Diva Salus, *ut tota Creatio fauſtis*
Auſpiciis læte moveat, Terriſque beandis,
Diviſum Sceptris dedit Imperialibus Orbem. *Hinc*

What nobler Frame cou'd the All-wiſe deſign,
Than that th' Oeconomy below ſhou'd ſhine
A Copy from th' Original Divine!
All to command, and be obey'd by none,
Bears Contradiction in the Name alone:
Nor were that Sway a Copy from his own.
When *Anarchie*'s wild Viſage looks abroad,
'Tis not the Picture, but Reverſe of God.
Thus then reſolv'd to fix Commanding Pow'r,
Tho' Man his own fair Miniature before;
More near the Life his own great Draught to bring,
He moulded from the GOD, and ſtampt the KING.

Yes, here he model'd from his own High Reign.
One Pilot-hand muſt the great Helm ſuſtain.
By that bright Hand protected Nations ſway'd,
'Tis in his Beams they bask; ſleep in his Shade.
Peace, Safety, Glory; our whole Bleſſings ſhine,
All Emanations from that Sourſe Divine.
So th' Heavenly Guide did wandring *Iſrael* bleſs,
(Alike the Guardians, tho' the Wonder leſs)
By Day their ſcreening Umbrage; and by Night
Their tutelary Pillar's Leading Light.

As *Government* does theſe bright Beams diſperſe;
The ſpacious Round of the wide Univerſe,
All Canton'd out into *Imperial* Hands,
Society on this Foundation ſtands;

Britan-

Hinc ſi ſint Gentes ſociandæ; hinc fœdera Mundi;
Euge, beata, tuum, dic quale, Britannia, *Sceptrum.*
Dic quænam Aſtra regunt Borealia Sydera; Currum
Quinam Auriga tenet; Veſtri quæ Lora Bootæ?
" *Summa Coronarum LEX Gemma; a Lege ligante*
" *Obſequii Vinclum; petit hinc munimina Virtus.*
" *Lex Propugnatrix Fideique dolique flagellum:*
" *Juſtitiæ lances tu das; tua,* Sanctio *Juris.*
" *Lex lux Naturæ: Aatio hinc Oracula pandit:*
" *Hinc oritur ſocialis Amor, culturaque Morum.*
" *Barbariem lenire tuum eſt; pacare furorem.*
" *Pectora ſi quid habent humana humanius, à te*
" *Vidimus effrænes animos, rabiemque domatos.*
" *Panduntur portus? Diſtendunt carbaſa venti?*
" *Lege pererrati ſtant hoſpita limina Mundi.*
" *A Lege Imperium; tua, Regni lora; deditque*
" *Ipſe Deus* Primum *ſe* Mobile, *teque ſecundum.*—
" *Deliciæ, Decus, & Tutela, hæc incola muris*
" *Eſto tuis: En Forma venuſta, venuſtior Ortus;*
" *Luxurians non ſtemma Throni; non Embryo raptim*
" *Prægnanti Ambitui: Tua diva Creatio ſola eſt:*
" *Hìc* Populus *fundat Legem, plebeſque* Britanna
" Regia *ſancire eſt, ſancitæ* ſubdita *Legi.*
" *Ex his fauſta bonis Geniis, hinc protegis Arva,*
" *Protegis hinc Aras. Ter fœlix* Anglia, *cui ſint*
" Unio, Libertas, Jus, *tot tantique* Penates.
" *Imperii auratas has detur ſtare Columnas;*
" *Cum tibi fabra manus, tua vincla Monilia fiunt.*

Hic Honor, utque hæc ſint Munimina, Terra beata,
Quid deſit votis; ultraque quid amplius optes! *Imò*

Britannia, ſay, With what Auſpicious Reign
Doſt thou thy Soverain Orb of Pow'r ſuſtain;
What ſmiling Aſpects drive thy *Northern Wain*?

" LAW, the Crown's faireſt Gem; Obedience
" Secureſt Cement; Vertu's beſt Defence;
" Truth's Champion; Falſhood's Sourge; Charter of
" Great Reaſon's Oracle, and Nature's Light: (Right;
" Hence Manners, and all mutual Ties were fram'd,
" Barbarity civiliz'd, and ev'n the Savage tam'd,
" By this Reforming Pow'er all kept in awe,
" Humanity's firſt Great Refiner, Law.
" Are the Ports open, are the Sails unfurld;
" Law paves the Paths round th' Hoſpitable World.
" Wiſe Empire by her Reins can only draw,
" The Second to the great FIRST MOVER, Law.
" This beauteous *Tutelar*, with all her Charms
" Lodg'd in thy Walls, *Britannia*, in thy Arms;
" No wild Luxuriant Offſpring of the Throne;
" Her whole Divine Creation's all thy own.
" Thy *Pop'lar Hands* found thy Imperial Sway,
" *Lords* to make Laws, and *Subjects* to obey.
" Oh bliſful Region, Union's Native Soil,
" Where Liberty and Right ſo radiant ſmile;
" When Empire on ſuch Golden Pillars ſtands,
" The Bonds are Bracelets tyed by our own Hands.

Happy *Britannia* ſuch thy State of Bliſs,
What haſt thou more to ask, or more to wiſh?

Imò licèt radiata tuo Lex Orbe refulget,
Altius elata eſt tibi Gloria. Quid tibi Pactum
Servitii *IMPERII*que, *baſis tua maxima? Non hæc*
Omne dat optandum. Siquando lumine læſo,
Proſpectû horrendo videas non amplius Ora
Divina, eraſum Numen, Caput inſupèr Auri,
Ex ferroque lutoque pedes; heu vilius iſtud,
Heu valde indignum ſceptris, et Honoribus impar;
Tunc tibi tu Fidei Defenſor, *cauta timore*
* *Magnanimo, Regemque vocas, juſteque Coronâ*
Divinum Caput, & Pectus Divinius, ornas.

Cœleſtis certè Inflatus Prudentia tanta eſt.
Æqua Poteſtatum cautè Libramina penſas.
Hac donata manû Regnorum Inſigmia Magnus
Sumpſerat AURIACUS: Naturæ ab origine, prima
Lex, Sibi-præſidium, *donat tua dextra Coronas.*
Quid non poſſe tibi? Tua, Sceptra; tua, Omnia; &
Anglia, *ſic ubi te pacemque pericla minantur, (Omne es.*
Ille innatus Honos, animans tua pectora, fervet;
Ut vincla exhorrens, tu, dedignata puſillè
Elanguere, caput robuſtior erigis altum,
Quàm poni juga poſſe; ſuperbior, ora capiſtro
Quàm tua porrigeres: Hinc ſtas munita, tuique
Diſcis obumbrati diſpellere Nubila Phœbi.
HANOVERANA *tuæ ſic orta eſt GLORIA Terræ.*

Urania, *eugè, novem ditiſſima forma Sororum,*
Solùm tanta tuum ſit opus celebrare Trophæa.

---

* Non impropriè. Timida ad viſum periculorum; magnanima repellendis.

HAN-

Yes, though thy Orb Law's dazling Beauties fill,
To thy bright Sphere thou add'ſt new Luſtre ſtill.
Tho' on this Baſis does thy Greatneſs ſtand,
This Compact of *Obedience* and *Command*;
Yet when with wiſe Foreſight thou doſt behold
Thy dang'rous too hardfated Heads of Gold,
Not always ſtampt in the Celeſtial Mould,
Debas'd to ſordid Feet of Iron and Clay,
Too courſe allay'd for thy Imperial Sway;
Juſtly thy Soverain Helm's defenſive Fear
Calls o'er more bright Divinity to ſteer.

Such thy Prudentials, ſure inſpir'd by Heav'n,
Thou wiſely ſet'ſt dread Power's Libration even.
Such the bright Entry of thy great *NASSAU*!
Self-preſervation, Nature's Origin Law,
Thine the great Hand do's the Wreath'd Brow enſtal;
Thou giveſt Crowns, all things: Doſt all, and art all.
Thus fair *Britannia*, when thy Dangers threat,
So ſprightly do's thy Pulſe of Honour beat;
Disdaining ſervilely to ſhrink or droop;
Too ſtrong to ſhake, and much too brave to ſtoop,
Made by that great *protecting Maxim* wiſe,
So taught to clear thy Air, uncloud thy Skies;
Thy Darling *HANOVER's* new GLORIES riſe.

Here, fair *Urania*, Heav'nlieſt of the Nine,
The Song of this Days Triumph only thine;

With

HANOVERI *(ſi poſſe)* Aquilæ *volet æmula Muſa.*
Sit via in Excelſis tentanda. Ah Apolline *divum*
Afflatum implores, inſpirandumque Poema:
Quid Muſa? *Hoc cantû* Muſæ Deus *ipſe laboret:*
Exerat hìc totum radiatum Numen Apollo.
Qua, niſi voce tuâ reſonent, Sapientia *diva,*
(Te ſpirante, tua eſt Electio) gaudia tanta?
Quid niſi, ab hac Ærâ, Mens, *pluſquam* Delphica, *tota*
Auſpicia enarret, ſeriſque nepotibus auram
Anglorum ſemper roſeam; hinc data munera Cœli?

Antè tamen tua te ſublimior evehat ala,
Grandiùs ut Cantûs ſacri illuſtrentur Honores,
Jani *luce retrò per ſæcula reſpice longa:*
Heroum Anglorum *celeberrima Facta canantur:*
Hinc tibi, Muſa, *petas* Helicona; *hinc carmina digna:*
Magnis Præteritis majus Præſenſque reponas
Cantandum. Penſat quæ comparat. Hinc tibi pennâ
Depicti HANOVERI *fulgentem perfice Famam.*

Dic quàm fragrabant Connubia ſacra Roſarum.
Quid non Eboracum, *quid non* Lancaſtria *debes*
His Thalamis?—Decoranda petant Diademata Gangem
Pactolo *addendum,* Soliſque *ornare metallum*
Lucidulum, referant pondus fulgentius Auro.
Floribus, Albionis *pluſquam gemmata Corona eſt.*
Quantam, Henrice, *manû tenuiſti,* ſeptime, *palmam!*
Antiquæ Vates ſileat miracula Virgæ.
Germinat hoc Sceptrum manſuræ pacis Olivam:
Inſula tota ſub his ridet fœlicibus Aſtris:

Jurgia

With that true Flight let thy wing'd Raptures tour;
If poſſible, high as his *Eagles* ſoar.
Invoke *Apollo*'s beſt inſpiring Beam,
The *Muſes God*, t' aſſiſt this Mighty Theme;
A glorious Theme of that ſublime Deſert,
As ev'n his own whole Godhead might exert.
What leſs then *Wiſdom*'s Deity's own Voice
To chant this Royal wiſeſt *Albion* Choice?
What leſs then his own Delphick Brighteſt Ray,
Th' Oraculous Propheticks to diſplay
Of thoſe deſcendant Bleſſings, fix'd by Fate,
Which ſhall on His auſpicious Scepter wait?

But e're my *Muſe* th' Heroick Sally makes,
T' illuſtrate the great Theme ſhe undertakes,
A tranſient *Janus* View firſt let her caſt
Back through *Britannia*'s proudeſt Glories paſt:
From the Great *Paſt*, the Greater *Preſent* view:
To blazon *HANOVER*'s bright *Luſtre* through
And ſet true Bleſſings at a Light more fair;
The nobleſt Teſt of Worth is to compare.

Say then what Sweets did that Rich Bed diſcloſe,
That joyn'd the *York*, and the *Lancaſtrian* ROSE?
Let the gay Crown with Orient Jewels dreſt,
Strip the whole ſparkling Glories of the Eaſt:
T' adorn the brighter *Albion Diadem*,
The twining *Flow'rs* were here the Nobleſt Gem.
When th' *Albion* Scepter in *Seventh HENRY*'s Hand,
So all Divinely bloom'd like *Aaron's Wand*,

Jurgia cuncta ſilent: Non ultrà terra fluento
Purpureo erubuit: Non barbara mœnia Regum:
Nunc procul Enſis abeſt: Nunc concertata Poteſtas,
Iſta Orbis longûm turbatrix, exul ab oris,
Dormit in æternum tutè. Hinc Deus otia fecit,
Regia cùm Ramo duplex Roſa *pendeat uno:*
Hinc habet unde mori Bellumque & ſemina Belli,
Siquando Ambitio plenè ſatiata recumbit.

Muſa STUARTORUM *nun pervolet altiùs Orbem*
Anglorum PRIMI. *Jam grandius aſpice Sceptrum,*
Biſque Coronatum Caput; *enumereſque* Britannis
Pacificum Sydus *quæ fauſta hoc contulit Aſtra.*

Unitis quæ fama Roſis? Roſa, Carduus, *uno*
Stemmate nunc florent. Henrici *Gloria ſolùm*
Regales unire Domos; *ſed Regna,* Jacobi.
Albion, & *quondam diviſa* Albania, *longa*
Hinc Radius mulſit faſtidia; *pectora dura*
Mollis Amorque inflans Sponſalia Regia fecit.
Virgineumque duplex nunc Magna Britannia *nomen*
Abſtulit. Hinc Limes, Confinia, turgida quondam
Nomina, miteſcunt; *dum quas Natura ligavit,*
Junxerit Imperium ſociali fœdere Terras.
Thameſis *ad* Thetin & Tweda *illabuntur eandem*;
Amplexûque petunt commune cubile marinum.
Agnôrunt unum Neptunum: *Sub* Jovis *uno*
Unius Imperio nunc ſubdita Flumina currunt.
Anglica Progenies, vel nondum nata, Triumphos
Hos longùm recinet. Lætis hinc gaudia ſæclis:
Tot, tanta, Imperio Sator *ille* Bohemius *affert.*

Magna

With what Propitious univerſal Smile
Did that bleſt Union cheer our happy Iſle!
The Land no more with ſtreaming Crimſon bluſht:
No more the Sword conteſting Empire drew;
That great Diſturber of the World lay huſht,
Whilſt on one Stem the *Royal Roſes* grew.
Diſcord and War ev'n their whole Seeds muſt ceaſe,
When ſatisfy'd Ambition's lull'd to Peace.

From theſe twin Roſes mount my Muſe yet high'r,
Up to the great *FIRST JAMES* his Orb aſpire.
From an Imperial Head here doubly Crown'd,
Recount the vaſter Hoard of Bleſſings found
In *JAMES* his wider all Pacifick Round.
HENRY's leſs Union a leſs Glory claims,
He but joyn'd Families; but Kingdoms, *JAMES*.
A too cold Diſtance, and too coy a Pride
Did th' *Albion* and *Albania* once divide;
Till by a Warmth from his bright Beams convey'd,
His generous Hand the *Royal Spouſals* made.
Thoſe Maiden Titles from this Knot cou'd boaſt
Almoſt their Names in *Great Britannia* loſt.
Borders and Barriers ſounds even heard no more,
Now Empire ty'd what Nature joyn'd before.
The *Thames* and *Tweed* their common Tribute pay,
Both in one watry Bed, mixt in one Sea;
They own'd one *Neptune*; now one *JOVE* obey.
What Ayres did the all charm'd *Britannia* ſing,
VVith her bleſt Joys beneath ſo warm a VVing;
All this the great *BOHEMIAN SIRE* cou'd bring.

Tho'

Magna retrò hæc recitas, ſed nondum Maxima; Muſa
Proſpice, præluſtres ſi vis cantare Triumphos.
Obfirmare Thronos, vel dilatare, JACOBI
HENRICI*que Labor minor iſte, minutaque fama.*
Quid geminare Roſas; quantumve extendere Regna?
Inferius mundanum opus, hoc, terrenaque cura.
Eſt opus HANOVERO *Divinius: Anglia, teque*
Ad Majora vocat; non ſolùm Sceptra, ſed Aras,
Irradiare tuum eſt; Datur hinc diteſcere Cœlos.
VERI *Immortalis cœleſti fortiùs orbe*
Firmatum Imperium, cum ſit tibi cura tuendi;
Quantula te juxta Proavorum Gloria? Dextris
Solùm conceſſa eſt Regalibus hiſce poteſtas
Addendi Gemmas: *Oh Tu ſublimior* Atlas,
Grandius ecce tuum. Tibi ſit ſtellare *Coronas.*

Lætantes luſtrare Orbes, pia debita Cœlis,
Gaudiaque Angliacas latè diffuſa per Aras;
Cantus hinc omnes percurrere, Muſa, Britannos,
A clangore Tubæ tenue ad modulamen Avenæ;
Circuitu primo ſacros en pervaga Campos
Caſtalios. *Non nunc Bifrontem, perſpice Binum*
Pernaſſum Albionis, *duplex ubi fonte perenni*
Oxoniique Helicon, Almæ Matriſque *ſcaturit:*
Inter Apollineos *ex hâc regione Triumphos,*
Dum, venturorum Sæclorum præſcia, cernit
HANOVERANA *Spei fundamina tanta* Britannæ
Anglia; & *Auſpiciis effundit Vota Preceſque:*
Oxonium, *dic, quanta Choros tibi gaudia replent.*
Non ultrà ſpoliatus Ager; *non nubilus* Aer.
Gloria abinde, Salus, Fulcrum, Decus — En Caput *altum*

Hic

Tho' thy exalted Wing, my *Muſe*, thus ſtretcht,
Thou haſt not yet the Height of Glory reacht.
To ſecure Empire, or enlarge a Throne,
Was *JAMES* and *HENRY*'s fam'd great Work alone.
Th' United Kingdoms, or twinn'd Roſes, here,
VVere but the Buſineſs of the VVorld's low'er Sphere.
Great *HANOVER*, with Glory more Divine,
Call'd ev'en t' enrich high Heav'n, make Altars ſhine,
Shine t' endleſs VVorlds; a VVork bejond the Pow'r
Of all the ſhorter Champion-Arms before.
To fix Immortal *TRUTH*'s celeſtial Sway
In her full Orb of never-ſetting Day;
Such th' *HANOVER*'s Sublimer *Atlas* VVeight,
His humbler Anceſtors reacht not this Height.
Their fainter Luſtre cou'd but add a *Gemm*:
His Call to Empire *ſtars* the Diadem.

Here cou'd the *Muſe* ſurvey the Numerous Choirs,
Which this Great Theme with various Ayres inſpires;
(The Muſick diff'rent, but the Joys agreed,) *(Reed:*
From the Court *Trumpet* down to th' humble Cottage
To trace 'em through their whole vaſt *Britiſh* Round;
Take thy firſt View from *Learning's* hallow'd Ground.
Say then from *Literatur*'s twin *Albion* Fount,
Oxon, and *Alma Mater's Helicon*-Springs,
How high th' *Apollinary* Raptures mount,
To chant the Joys this bleſt SUCCESSION brings.
When *Britain* full of her beſt Pray'rs and Vows,
Sourſe of our Hopes, to that great Head ſhe bows,
Secure thy Glebe, and all Serene thy Air,
Oh ſay, fair *Oxon*, what's thy Homage there.

Hic Bodlæanum *proſtratum ! Humilem ecce ſuperbit*
HANOVERI *pedibus turritam flectere frontem.*
Magdalena, *tuis ſoſpes nunc incola muris*
Non ultrà luctû nitidos turbabit ocellos.
Dnmque lavat muros, & opimas undique ripas
Iſidis & Thami *cryſtallina perluit unda;*
Lymphis nunc lougùm ſanis, & fonte ſereno,
Non immixta tuas Tiberina aqua *pólluet Urnas.*
Æternùm tutæ, fauſto Regnoque potitæ,
Euſebiæ *tibi caſta Cohors (pia turma* Dianæ
Illius Angliacæ) dum balnea ſacra pudicis
Expetat à Lymphis, & amœnis luſitet agris,
Hic tenet Halcyonis Nidum, ſedemque quietam.

A bino Angliacæ *pacato hoc fonte* Minervæ,
Hinc ab Honore TOGÆ, *Cœlique Artiſque peritis,*
His Fidei Orac'lis, immortaliſque Coronæ
Militibus; nunc Muſa Stolæ *perluſtret Honorem.*
CÆSARIS *Heroas,* Juriſque *Oracula viſet;*
Perdoctoſque tuos, Aſtrea, *perambulet Orbes.*
A Terris exul tu quondam ad Sydera Virgo,
Nunc Aſtrea redux, *tutè inſtaurata recumbis*
Angliaco ſolio; Solium NASSOVIUS *HEROS*
Conditor infractum renovavit; Fauſtior ANNA
Augetque & decorat: Firmatque *in ſæcula ſolus*
HANOVER: *Æternè Baſis hinc immota manebit.*
Nunc tam ſecuræ peragrant tua mœnia Leges;
Mellea Jura *fluunt nunquàm ſtagnante meatu.*
Non ultrà Judex, *mandante Tyrannide, (raucâ*
Voce) venenatos nunc imbibit aure ſuſurros:

Non

Thy whole Great *Bodley* in his Train attends,
To *HANOVER* his tow'ry Forehead bends.
Thy once ſad *Magdalene*, now paſt all Fears,
No more her beauteous Eyes ſhall drown in Tears.
With thy fair *Thame* and *Iſis* by thy ſide,
By thy rich Banks does their clear Cryſtal glide,
Safe from their Urns the Native Currents pour;
No *Tybur* mixture ſhall thy Waters ſow'r.
Thy great *Euſebian* chaſte *Diana Train*,
Bath'd in thy Streams, or wandring o'er thy Plain,
All undiſturb'd ſecure their Halcyon Reign.

From the cheer'd Hearts, and all the ſmiling Eyes
In *Albion*'s Two great *Science Nurſeries*:
From thoſe Learn'd Heads, the Honour of the *Gown*,
Faith-Guardians, Champions of th' Immortal Crown,
To C*Æ*S*A*R*'s* Champions next, Guardians of *Right*;
T' *Aſtrea*'s Learned Sphere take thy wing'd flight:
Aſtrea's Sphere indeed. No longer driven
The exil Maid to a protecting Heav'n,
Safe to her *Albion* Throne may now retreat:
The kind *NASSAU* rebuilt her falling Seat.
By *ANNE* rais'd higher yet, it ſafely ſtands,
Deckt with new Gemms, new Luſter, from Her Hands.
To fix for ever her unſhaken Throne,
That Work's reſerv'd for *HANOVER* alone.
Yes, ſo ſecurely fixt! Damm'd up no more,
Law's ſacred *Fount* her balmy Streams ſhall pour.
No more the *Long* Ro*be's* Price ſo high enchanc'd;
Judges firſt Cloſeted, and then advanc'd.

No

Non ultrâ fuſcant tam nigra Scabella Tribunal,
Prægrandi pretio non nunc ſit vilius emptum:
Pro pelle agninâ non conſcia pectora vendi.
Anglia *corruptum timeat non amplius* Æquum.
Ipſe ſuſurrus abeſt. Ex hoc oritura periclo,
(Hæc quantum poterit SUCCESSIO*) tota timoris*
Umbra evaneſcit. Nec Roma, *venena, nec auris.*

Aere nunc Aulæ *volites, mea Muſa; Serenos*
Hìc vultus, almam pacem, circumflua muris
Gaudia, conſpicias. Cùm Vox Populique Deique
Advocat HANOVERUM, *quantum Aulæ mœnia clangunt*
Non hîc fumatus nunc Subterraneus olim
Vulcanus, *fabricans Romana Incendia, Luce*
Guidonæ **infernos* laternæ *ſuſcitat ignes.* **Guido Faux.*
Obſequio larvata genu non Curia *fictо,*
Flectit, & unà odit: Majeſtatique protervæ
Non nunc Magnatum *prænobilis Hiſtrio-turma*
Abjectè inſervit, ſimulataque Pompa Thronorum.
Ecce Periſcelides, *non nunc*, ſtellatus Honoſque,
Vilius Ignati *pecus, hoc dominantius agmen*
A tergo ſequitur: Totamab luet HANOVER *iſtam*
Æternè a Solio *peſtemque luemque* Britanno.
Illius a grato exhilarata, Britannia, *Sceptro,*
Conſilia Imperii ſtudia in contraria ſcindi
Nunc tua non poterunt; tollentque Palatia turres
Non ultra inviſas humili lare. Factio, murmur,
Totè evaneſcent: Concentû unita beato,
Regiaque & tua nunc popularia proſpice vota.
Aulicus, & Patriæ pater, *hæc diſcordia quondam*
Nomina, conciliata, perenni pace fruentur.

Gaudia

No too high-priz'd Tribunal Seat to hold,
To buy a Lambskin, a whole Conſcience ſold.
Albion no more corrupted Juſtice fears:
This bleſt SUCCESSION that Contagion clears;
No *Rome* to whiſper; and no poyſon'd Ears.

Take thy next Flight, my *Muſe*, in the *Court Air*:
View th' Health, Peace, Joy, all ſmiling Aſpects there:
When to her Throne her *HANOVER* ſhe calls,
All Eyes look gay within the *Royal Walls*.
Yes, 'tis the beauteous Region of Delight:
Rome's Sooty Chymiſts here no more ſhall fright,
Nor blow their Coals by *Guido*'s Lanthorn Light.
No more ſhall ſervile *Courts* cringe where they hate;
No more the Nobleſt Veins ignobly wait,
Forc'd to fill up the Hypocrite Pomp of State.
Our *Stars* and *Garters* ſhall no longer now
T' *Ignatian* Vermine, Lordlier Minions, bow.
Great *HANOVER*, his very Name alone,
For ever ſweeps thoſe Locuſts from the Throne.
Cheer'd by his Reign thy Harmony of Pow'r,
Britannia, now ſhall be untun'd no more.
Thy Peace no more divided Factions bar:
Ev'n *Court* and *Country*, Sounds too oft at jar,
Shall here that reconciling Union find;
Courtiers and *Patriots* Names for ever joyn'd.
Th' unenvying Cot ſhall now with ſmiling Eyes
Look up to ſee the Towry Pallace Riſe.
Soveraign and *Subject* now one Will ſhall bound,
One Soul of Empire move the whole vaſt Round;
This Head ev'n it's own Guardian Angel Crown'd.

Gaudia nunc toto promiſcua ab ore Britanno,
Gaudia non torvæ quaſſanda Tyrannidis aſtû,
Nec delenda Ævis ; hæc gaudia concine, Muſa.
Nullus, abhinc Phaeton ; *non nunc mente ille ſupernè*
Captus, toto errans Cœloque, libidine raptus
Effræni, renovare horrenda incendia Mundo,
Ambiet Imperium—Nunc, Anglia, Pallade *totâ*
Stas munita ; tui Currûs Defenſor ab iſtis
Aurigis, Regni Solares fortis habenas
Abnegat his Dextris, vigil atque armata Minerva.
Inſula ter fœlix, plaga tuta ſub aere ſano
Temperieque poli, tu verè habitabilis Orbis,
HANOVERUM *Angliacis Loris ſpes fauſtior optat.*
Exoriente tuis hoc divo Lumine Sceptris,
Exurget lætis Terriſque, & ovantibus Aſtris,
Hinc Radius calidus, non uſto torridus Orbi.

HANOVERI *Introitû longùm* Roma *exulat ; ipſa*
Romana eradet divum veſtigia Sceptrum.
Ultima ſpes evaneſcit, curſùque peracto,
Tota Veneficia æternè finita lateſcunt.
Sic *olim ſimulata Deos* Oracula, *quorum*
Inferno ſolùm inflatû vox edita, Magni
HEBRÆI *ad PARTUS orientia Lumina Mundo,*
In ſempiternum damnata ſilentiaque, alto
Et capita abdiderant horrenda in Erynnidis *Antro.*

En ubi pacificus de Cœlis ille JACOBUS
Proſpicit, huic Dextræ dandis benedicere Sceptris.
Heumeminiſſe libet, totam cùm præſcius ore

Divino

Now pleas'd *Britannia*, what's thy General Joy;
Joys, which no louring Pow'r ſhall e're deſtroy?
No more ſhall Bigot *Phaetons* aſpire,
Thoſe rapid Drivers ſet thy World o' fire.
Wiſely, *Britannia*, with that Care and Pains
From thoſe mad Hands thou barr'ſt thy *Chariot* Reins:
Thy Orb of Light in it's bright Race above
A ſteddier unerring Courſe ſhall move.
With this Foundation of thy Regal Throne,
Thus fixt, bleſt Iſle, in thy true Temp'rate Zone,
To this fair SUN thy ſmiling Aſpect turn.
The Riſing *HANOVER* ſhall warm, not burn.

Nay *Rome*'s whole Hopes now ſo entirely fail,
That *HANOVER* ev'n cuts off their Entail.
Her Machinations and Her Witchcrafts don,
The Sorceries have their whole Circle run.
So the World's once fam'd *Oracles* of old
All by Infernal Inſpirations told,
Doom'd t' endleſs Silence, hid their Heads in Earth,
At the bright Dawn of the Great *HEBREW* BIRTH.

Albion's Firſt *JAMES* ſure from his Heav'n look'd down,
To bleſs this fair Donation of a Crown.
Well he remembers with what Breath Divine
He Curſt his whole Apoſtatizing Line.

Divino illapſam Stirpem execrante, STUARTE,
Væ tibi Progenies, dixit, perdenda, protervas
Incantamentis Romæ *qui porrigis aures.*
Dixit & effecit: Stetit irrevocabile Dictum.
FIAT ita Omnipotens Verbum Factumque locutum eſt.
Oh nimis Orac'lum! Fatum intonat ore vovente.
Nuper enim ex alto vidit (ſuſpiria ſi ſint
In Cœlis halanda, immixtaque lacrima turbet
Gaudia in Excelſis;) vultûque madente, paterno
Ingemitûque, alti Capitis ter flebile fatum.
Naufraga Sceptra, *Sacræ* Majeſtatiſque *Ruinas;*
Illius heu nimiùm profugæ; bis Exulis: Unum
Contulit exilium Populi furor impius olim:
(Comprime labra ſtupor!) Regis furor ille ſecundum.
Perdita quid ſi ſit; quodque addere Muſa tremiſcit,
(Tam durum ingratum repeti) ſit perdita juſtè;
Et juſta hîc lacrima eſt: Rapitur cùm Gloria Regum
Ultrò præcipitanda, et diris obruit umbris
Sic peritura caput; tantas plorare ruinas
Heu quid non debet Pietas? Pietatis eodem
Ex fonte hic oculus hæc debita ſolvit in Aſtris.
Juſtitia, *ob verè* divina, *ulciſceris, unà*
Et miſereris: Ea eſt animis cœleſtibus Ira.

Triſtius hoc retrò cùm mente revolverat altâ,
Perlæta Auſpicium fœlicius attrahit ora.
Conditor Unitæ Gentis, *nunc, Inſula fœlix,*
Te videt, oh charum quondam tutamen; ovanſque
Ad ſua tendit Amor. Sacriora hîc ſtemmata cernit.
En ubi Mens ſana, & longævè ſtrenua Virtus,

" Beware the *Stuart* Ear that ſhou'd preſume
" To hear th' enchanting Sorceries of *Rome!*
The Seals of Deſtiny the Doom await.
So the great *FIAT* ſpoke, and ſpoke with Fate.
Orac'lous was the Voice; for Oh, he ſaw
Th' Effects of the entail'd *Anathema.*
Ev'n with a Sigh (if Sighs can breathe above,
And a Tear fall amidſt Eternal Joy,)
With melting Eyes from true Paternal Love,
He ſaw the loſt late falling *Majeſty*:
Miſerie's hard Leſſon too ſeverely taught,
Twice doom'd to taſte of Exiles bitter draught;
By his Misfortune firſt, and laſt his Fau't.
The Fall ſo Great—And if the Muſe is bound
To thoſe hard Laws, to breathe th' ungrateful ſound,
And ſay, The Fall ſo Juſt;—as juſt are all
The trickling Sorrows which lament that Fall.
The duteous Tears from genuine Fountains flow,
To ſee declining Glory ſink ſo low.
What do's not Piety owe t' a Crown'd Head?
From this Celeſtial *Eye* the Tear's thus ſhed:
When Heavenly Minds th' avenging ſtroke perſue,
Their *Juſtice* puniſhes, but pities too.

From this too ſad Remembrance, with a Smile
On his once Royal Charge this happy *Iſle*,
All charm'd he ſees in his *BOHEMIAN* VEINS
All *Health*, and ever vigorous *Virtue* reigns.

Hæc ſibi BOJEMAS animant vitalia VENAS.
Hæ non delirant: Non ægri Somnia turbant
Pectora; veſanæ procul hinc contagia Romæ.
VERUM, cœleſte Oh VERUM, tu cui ferè Nomen
Datque DEO Titulum, Solium fundatque ſupernum,
Gloria præclaras has fulgentiſſima Frontes
Ex ſempiternis Lucis tibi Fontibus ornat.

Dum juſta HANOVERI *recitas præconia, totam*
Perfice, Muſa, *operam: Cane grandia Munera Cœli*
Quæ tulerit gratis hic dilectiſſimus Aſtris.
Hinc illuceſcant anguſtâ a Dote minorum
Fortunæ parcæ Hæredum: Mimùs ecce beatos,
Heu ultra Cineres haud plus quàm Nomina Reges.

Quid tibi contulerint tanti, GULIELME, *Labores?*
Terminat illuſtres Vitæ brevis orbis Honores.
Quantula parſque tui, cineri, niſi Fama, *ſuperſit!*
Immortale tuum totum dabit unica Fama.
Deliciæ, Gulielme, *Throni Thalamique* MARIA,
Non ſolùm Angliacæ Terræ, *ſed Gloria quondam*
Cœlorum Albionis; Sydus *boreale,* MARIA,
Pluſquam Conſtellata Anima, *& Mens plena polorum.*
Tam radians Pietas, Reginaque Divaque; *nondum*
Tranſlata, Angelicæ certè pars maxima Turmæ.
Pectus ut hoc mirum ſtruxerunt Numina, Terris
Oh nimiùm præluſtre, ſuperni dignius Orbis;
Divaque Theſaurum manus hunc cumulârat Honorum,
Virtutum, Decorum; (tantam quid condere gazam!)
Præmia contuleratque tot arridentia gratis

No ſickly Taint can find an Entrance there,
No vap'rous Damp from *Rome*'s infectious Air.
TRUTH, all Celeſtial TRUTH, whoſe Name alone
Gives God a Title, and ev'n founds his Throne,
Shines in thoſe Veins ſo all Serenely bright,
The pureſt Stream from her great Fount of Light.

Now *HANOVER* to thy Great Name to pay
One juſt Debt more, here let the *Muſe* eſſay
To ballance thy ſublimer Portion giv'n,
Above the other Favourites of Heav'n:
Worthies leſs bleſt, who when Fate ſtrips the Plume,
Leave their ſmall Reliques pent to that ſhort Room,
High Veins ſcarce more then Names beyond the Tomb.

Britannia's great *NASSAU* his *Glories* Date
A narrow Leaſe of Life muſt terminate.
His own rich Thred of Gold was all his Claim,
His Immortality lies all in *Fame*.

And Oh the beauteous Partner of his Throne,
MARIA, once not *Albion*'s *World* alone,
All the whole *Albion Heaven's* once Leading Light;
Religion, Piety, ſo dazling bright;
The QUEEN, the SAINT; a Breaſt ſo all refin'd,
Sure ev'n below in that Seraphick Mind,
Yet untranſlated the whole *Angel* ſhin'd.
When Providence had ſuch Perfection view'd
Of Heav'n ſo worthy, and for Earth too good;
Profuſely kind, had heap'd ſo vaſt a Maſs
Of every ſhining Virtue, ſmiling Grace;

A Cœlis Animo cœleſti, heu parca negavit
Hoc ſolum, cumulo ridentem *huic addere* Prolem.

Junior ANNA *Soror, dignè pia* ELIZA *ſecunda,*
Divinum en divina ſequens, Reginaque Regi
Non impar. Quid ſi NASSOVIUS *extitit Anglus*
Mavors *in Campis*; Bellona *eſt* ANNA Britannis
Conſiliis: Armata Thronum conſcendit; *& Haſtâ*
Et Clypeo, (his ANNÆ *Sceptris,) innixa, Britannùm*
Martia DIVA *ſedet*; *Propugnatrixque Salutis,*
Ararum, Legum, Libertatumque; Penatum
Anglorum *cuſtos fidiſſima, Regia circùm*
Lumina convolvit; (*non dormit* Jupiter *Aſtris,*
Nec Terris Vindicta!) *parataque vincula collo*
Europæ *ſpectans*; *aſtus* Gallique *Fidemque*
Horrens; (*hinc illæ lacrimæ, monumenta Laborum*
Hinc tua, Galle; *ſub his vexillis vincere diſcis.*
Arma minùs, jurata Fides perterruit Orbem.)
Illa opus hoc verè Herculeum renovare, & hiantem
Sternere Lernæam, *galeata en contrahit ora*;
Iriſque exardens, ANIMAM *ſpiranſque* Britannam,
Plena Deæ, *tota* ANNA *aſſurgit*; *ab Orbe tonante*
Fulmina demittens torquenda à Marte *Miniſtro*;
Angligenaſque marina Lares *tua Numina, teque,*
Neptune, *ad ſua bella vocans, propriumque per Æquor*
A formidandis rutilante Tridentibus Undâ,
Læta laboranti vigilat ſuccurrere Mundo.

Grandior

She ſtopt her giving Hand, and wou'd not throw
To the rich Pile the ſmiling *Mother* too.

Second *ELIZA*, *ANNE*, by Heav'n decreed,
The *Heroine* the *Hero* to ſucceed:
In Fame not riva'lld, nor outvy'd by Kings,
All her whole *Predeceſſor's* GLORY brings.
What tho' in Camps and Fields we wondring ſaw
The Guardian *Mars* of *Britain*, Great *NASSAU.*
ANN*E*, no leſs *Europe*'s Champion all Divine,
Reſolves her Throne ſhall her Pavilion ſhine.
In *Albion*'s *Counſels* the *Bellona* reigns:
There the great *ANNE* her Martial Helm ſuſtains:
Mounts Arm'd to Empire, and in *Britain's* Cauſe,
Preſerver of her Altars, Freedom, Laws;
Her watchful Eye her Royal Charge to keep
Looks round; (nor *Jove* nor *Jove*'s *Lieutenants* ſleep:)
From hence ſurveying the black hamm'ring Hands,
The Forge prepar'd for *Europe*'s ſervile Bands,
Rowz'd with a bluſh at *Gaul*'s inſulting Pride,
And more loath'd *Faith*, a Faith too amply try'd;
The long aſpiring *Hydra* to ſubdue,
Reſolves th' *Herculean Labour* to renew.
With all that glowing Frown, and generous Scorn,
All her own Innate Fires, true *ENGLISH*-BORN,
From her high *Orb of Thunder* ſhe commands
Her Menial *Mars*, and miniſtring *Neptune's* Hands;
Her Bolts by their Commiſſion'd Vengeance hurl'd,
All pleas'd, the Sword unſheath'd, and Sails unfurl'd,
To ſuccour the Diſtreſſes of a World.

Grandior Aſtrorum cura eſt hæc Vita, beando
Imperio longùm Diis conſervata. Tuentur
Numina, Regna colunt; & ſi ſtabilita Thronorum
Sit baſis à precibus, precibus Thronus ipſe polorum
Appetitur; fumant Altaria, cordaque flagrant.
Molis aromaticæ tanto ſub pondere ſacris
Ingemit Ara focis, dum ſic pia pyramis ardet,
Sic holocauſta nitent, ut dent nova Lumina Cœlis:
Non deſunt votumque genuque: Hæc vendicat ANNA.
ANNÆ *tanta dedit Cœlum; plus abſtulit* ANNÆ.
Illa etenim quantùm fauſta atque infauſta, ſub uno
Tecto Regali vixit vidiſſe ſuprema
Infimaque (oh Cœli ludibria!) fata revolvi.
Nuper enim Matris *fœlicis Brachia, Pectus,*
Amplexus, Oculos, Genialia quanta replerunt
Gaudia! (Magna venit tardo pede, ſed fugit alis
GLORIA) *Delicias Ævi, Votumque* Britannum,
Vidit, et heu ſolùm vidit: (Brevis oh nimis Ætas
Immodicis) Quantâ ſpe decidit! Ecce Ruinas
Lugendas, jactas tot opes, tantoſque dolores!
Regiaque en ſola eſt Niobe *ſpoliata ſuperſtes.*

Hîc ſiſte—Infandum renovare oh deſine Muſa:
Flenda ſile; plaudenda cane; Illuſtriſque SOPHIÆ
Elige perpetuis memoranda Trophæa Camænis.
Quid Dii non dederint? Sudant Cœli, Aſtra laborant
Dilectam Superis hanc indefeſſa beare.
Hæc Annis dives, SOBOLE *hæc ditiſſima,* prolem
A ſeſe divam, MAJESTATEM*que perennem*
Exortam, ter fauſta videt. Videt Anglia *Sæclis*
Non extinguendum ſibi LUMEN. *Gloria Venis His*

This Life by Providence preſerv'd to ſhow'r
More laſting Bleſſings from her Orb of Pow'r,
More watchfully her Angel Guards attend:
Here the Stars ſmile, and proſtrate Nations bend:
For her long *Race of* GLORY Altars ſhine;
Off'rings, Vows, Oriſons, Knees and Hearts all joyn.
Cou'd Pray'rs found Thrones, ANNE that Devotion
That *Albion* wreſtles Heav'n in her great Cauſe.(draws,

Yet has not *ANNE* all Heav'ns kind Smiles en-
Vaſt Bleſſings ſhe has found; but vaſter loſt. (groſt;
Bleſt and unbleſt, beneath one Roof of State,
Has ſeen the whole Viciſſitudes of Fate.
Once th' happieſt Mother of the lovelieſt Charms,
The Darling of her Eyes, her Soul, her Arms.
But oh that *Albion* ROSE's fatal blaſt!
With heavy ſteps *Great* JOYS come but ſlow-pac'd;
But they find Wings to part; and fly too faſt.
Thus ANNE of *Albion*'s once beſt Hopes bereft,
Sees her ſelf only the Great *Niobe* left.

Quit this too melancholy Region here;
Short be the painful Notes, and mourning Choir,
And ſoar, my *Muſe*, to great SOPHIA's Sphere.
The Bliſsful Airs which ſprightlier Themes inſpire;
Not the whole Nine in endleſs Songs can tire.
Sing then that happier dearer Charge above,
Hers the beſt Smiles of the *Immortal* LOVE;
Bleſt with long Years of Joy, ſhe lives to ſee
A fair *Deſcent* of Deathleſs MAJESTY.

Britannia

His oriunda ſacri Imperii retinebit habenas,
Non reſcindendas, ante ille Platonicus Orbis
Finiat excurſum ; nec Lora diutiùs Æthon
Laſſatus radiata trahat, Phœbuſque *ruenti*
Occidat à Cœlo ; dormituroque Cubile
Sternat in æternum Thetis *ultima, nec* Thetis *ultrà.*

Non conceſſa fuit GULIELMO *hæc gratia Cœli.*
Extinctis longùm Venis, Mors invida divum
Hoc Decus Anglorum abripuit——
Siſte nefanda viam, Carmenque abrumpe profanum.
Quò tibi, Muſa *furor ?* Mors & NASSOVIUS *unâ*
Voce loqui poterunt ? Hæc diſſona nomina nunquam,
Oh nunquam coeant. Tibi nec modulaminis alti
Turbare Harmoniam diſcors iſte increpet horror.
Exulet è terris hæc umbra phrenetica ſpectri.
Oh tibi Defenſor, Europa, *opiferque dolenti,*
Neſciat ille mori, per quem tu vivere nôris.

Cùm vocat Omnipotens, à lugentique recedis
Tu terrâ, GULIELME, *tuâ ; Soror horrida dextrâ*
Heu tua ſlenda tenet pretioſæ ſtamina vitæ.
Nec *quid* Honoratum *poterit Caput, invalet* HEROS.
Tota exantlanda eſt licet aurea currat arena.
Tolleris è vivis tu totus & integer ; Hæres
Non datur his venis——Sed quid tibi fata minantur!
HANOVER *hic novus AURIACUS dum te tibi ſupplet,*
Non tibi poſſe mori : Tibi tuque eris ipſe ſuperſtes.
Quid ſi non proles, quid ſi tibi funera, Phœnix,
Flamma, rogus, cineres, fato ſuccumbere neſcis.

Dum

Britannia from this *Guardian* HEAD alone,
Calls never ſetting GLORY to her *Throne.*
Her Veins and Times laſt Glaſs together run,
Her *Lineal* RACE ſhall hold the Reins of Pow'r,
Till the whole Great *Platonick Circle*'s done,
When the tired Sun ſhall lag, and drive no more.

This Bleſſing Heav'n to Great *NASSAU* denies,
When that long lov'd, no leſs mourn'd WORTHY dies—
But hold, here ſtop my Muſe——All in one Breath
Did'ſt thou not name the Great N*ASSAU* and *Death*?
Thoſe jarring Sounds ſhou'd ne'er together ſpeak!
Twill all thy whole Harmonious Numbers break.
Bid that dire Thought's phantaſtick Spectres fly;
Oh Europe muſt thy Freedom's Guardian dye!
Life of thy Life, and Genius of thy Arms,
He that diſpell'd both *Rome* and *Gauls* black Charms:
That Head, which thine once fainting rays'd ſo high,
So low in Death's cold Bed muſt never lye.
When at th' Almighty Call thy Earth reſign'd
N*ASSAU*, thou leav'ſt thy Mourning World behind;
Not darling Heads 'gainſt Fate a Shield can hold:
Ev'n thy laſt Glaſs muſt run tho' Sands of Gold;
Muſt the whole HERO, thy extinguiſht Veins,
All th' *Hero* die? No, thou thy own Remains,
In H*ANOVER* ſhall Deathleſs *WILLIAM* live:
He ſhall make N*ASSAU* ev'n himſelf ſurvive.
What tho' ſhe breeds not, and that ſingle Head
An Ages Wonder builds her Funeral Bed,
Nor the relentleſs Heav'n's deſcending Fires
Spare her rich Pile, the *Phœnix* ne'er expires.

Dum tamen HANOVERO *solvunt pia Vota Tributum;*
Et tibi tuque petas celebrandas, Anglia, *laudes,*
Cum tàm grande sonat donatæ fama Coronæ?—
Sed cur sit donum Diadema; vel unde sit amplum?
Heu tua larga manus dat Sceptrum, ut dives avarus
Fœnoris immensi spe solùm accommodat Aurum.
Cum tuus HANOVER *a gratà te dante, Coronam*
Gratior accipiat; tot reddita mille refundat
Profluа diva Manus; donumque remuneret unum;
(Verè propitiis dextris cùm lora reponis,
Imperium quid sit nisi Cura, recepta beandi
Sceptra; repensandi sublimior Ambitus Orbis?)
Quid non fama canat, cùm sceptro fausta sub uno
Advolet Angliacos Aquila Hanoverana *Leones.*
Utque hinc HANOVERI *frontem redimire, Coronæ*
Defensor *verè hic* Fidei, *decernitur Hæres;*
Justèque hac dextrà fœlici tota reposta est
Grandior Ararum Custodia, Causaque Cœli:
Sint magis exaltata Trophæa; nec ista Britanni
Bestia Martis, *Avis Germanica, nec* Jovis *ultra.*
Causa Evangelica est: Evangele confer honores.
HANOVERI *Clypeo Sacriora* Insignia *supple;*
Des Aquilam, Johanne, *tuam; des,* Marce, Leonem.

Cum divum hoc Regimen, Stola *Regiaque,* Albion, *albà*
Hac Scytalà *niteat; tibi sic stellata* Corona *est;*
Tu Terra ex terris, extraneus angulus Orbis,
Solis ad occasum steteris, sed Honoris ad ortum;
Tu minor, Oh magni tolletur Gloria Sceptri
Supra mundanæ fastidia inania molis.

Castalias

But whilſt we pay Great *HANOVER*'s juſt Due,
Albion thou claim'ſt thy ſhare of Praiſes too.
A Gift ſo vaſt as thy Imperial Seat----
But why thy Crown a Gift; or why ſo great?
Thy open Hand this Bounty only pour'd,
At Miſers for vaſt Int'reſt truſt their Hoard.
When *HANOVER* on *Britain's* Head ſhow'rs down
Th' immenſe Returns for thy preſented Crown;
The thouſand Bleſſings for one Gift ſo kind,
(For when to true protecting Hands reſign'd,
Empire is only Gratitude refin'd)
How ſhall Fame chant this Union all Divine,
When with thy *Lyons*, ſhall his *Eagles* joyn.

As *HANOVER* wiſe *Britain* has decreed,
Her true Great *Faith's Defender*, ſhall ſucceed.
To this auſpicious Hand thus juſtly given
Her Altars Charge, her Sacred Cauſe of Heav'n,
No more thoſe bright *Regalia* in thy Shield,
The common Blazon of a Royal Field:
The Impreſs of thy Creſt now rais'd above
The *Britiſh* Beaſt of *Mars*, or *German* Bird of *Jove*:
So bright thy Evangelick Chaplets twine;
Mark's Champion *Lyon*, and *John*'s *Eagle* thine.

So white the Ermin of thy Royal Robe,
Thy Crown ſo Starr'd; thy Frame ſo all Divine;
Oh thou great Weſtern Outly of the Globe,
How ſhall thy Pride the Inland World outſhine.

Thus

Caſtalias dum tanta lyras Laus inſtruat, illa
Carmine tam vario cantata a voce Britannâ;
Urania, *eja, Choros numeraſtine undique totos*
HANOVERI? *Reſonant popularia Gaudia ſolùm,*
Præſcia fundandæ per ſæcla perennia pacis?
Tantis Auſpiciis ſtat ſolus debitor Orbis;
Circulus iſte brevis—Non hæc anguſtia famam
Terminat HANOVERI. *Cœleſtior Incola, Diva*
Euſebia *hinc cernit ſtabilita Altaria; (perdi*
Stellatæ poterit non unica Gemma Coronæ)
Angelicoſque choros vocat ad nova Carmina. Clangunt
Sydera; tam gratam Cœlumque reverberat auram.
HANOVERI *haud Cantus hos dicite, dicite cantus*
Hos minùs Angliacos; Majores ecce Camœnas:
Edocet Aſtra ſuos potius celebrare triumphos:
Cœli res agitur. Cœlorum Gloria, Cauſa;
Conſervanda Fides, munitaque Templa, colenda
Numinaque, HANOVERI *cum ſint Provincia; Divi*
Exultant, reſonant ſuper Æthera Gaudia, complet
Ipſaque Pœanas ſacra Halleluiah Britannos.

Fauſta tamen dum Muſa *per* Hanoverana *rotatur*
SIDERA, *& huic Spheræ carmen modulata benignæ,*
Terriſque & Superis charum Caput aſpicit; altos
Nulla choros turbat vox barbara? Murmura nulla!
Non unus latrans ex triplice Cerberus *Ore?*
A Solio *volvenda novo tibi* Gloria, *totâ*
Luce coruſcante Invidiæ confundat ocellos;
Nec fera crinitis Alecto *ex anguibus unum*
Totâ a Gorgoneâ vibrârit fronte cölubrum?
Imò venenato furiali ex Agmine Magnus *En*

Thus whilſt th' *HANOVRAN* SONGS my Muſe
Haſt thou, *Urania*, number'd all his Choir? (inſpire
Is't an indebted World muſt only pay
(That narrow'r round) the Rites of this Great Day?
The Plains with only Popular Eccho's fill'd,
To ſee that Head her endleſs Peace ſhall build?
No, his high Praiſe not t' Earth-born Organs bound,
Not only Mouths of Clay his Trump ſhall ſound:
Whilſt *TRUTH* and her unſhaken *Domes* ſhall ſtand,
The whole bright ſtandart CROSS fixt by that Hand;
The fair *Euſebia* in her Heav'nlier Raign
A part of his Inauguration Train,
Her Peace no leſs in this bleſt Fence immur'd,
Her Altars ſafe, her ſtarrier Crown ſecur'd,
Ev'n th' *Angel Choir* here to new Songs ſhall wake;
And well-pleas'd Heav'n the grateful Raptures take.
Such Influence this bleſt Succeſſion draws,
Their own the Glory, and their own the Cauſe;
Their own the Great Triumphant Rites aſſign'd:
Our *Io Pæans*, and their *Hallelujah's* joyn'd.

But whilſt we in this tuneful Region move,
Has th' Head ſo dear below, ſo lov'd above,
No murmuring Enemies; no ſnarling Spight?
From his new Riſing Throne can ſuch warm Light,
In th' Eyes of grinning Envy glare ſo bright;
And the dire Fury not one brandiſh'd Snake
From her whole Tire of *Gorgon* Treſſes ſhake?
Yes, ſee the keeneſt of her poys'nous Stings,
The alarm'd *Dragon* ſtretch his ſpotted Wings:

En Draco, *Dux gregis horrendæ horrendiſſimus, ille*
Sanguine qui longo rubefecit Lilia ; *torvus*
En ubi conſurgens, alarum ſpicula, nigras
Expandit pennas ; turgentia Collaque tollit.
Pectore & à rabido plusquam igneus halitus iras
Expromit : Toto flammante en ore boantem.
Summa petat nunc Muſa ; choros utque altiùs altos
Evehat, & Gallo *modulamina digna canendo*
Extruat, heu tanti cantûs ſub pondere cæptis
Aſpirante Deo non indiget ; Auſpice nullo.
Sufficit ipſe ſibi ſuus eſt Ludovicus Apollo.
Lumen Apollineum dabit ille Incendia. Penna
Ærea ; Chorda Lyræ ſit ferrea ; ſanguine Carmen
Scribendum ; omne ſuum. Sic diva poemata tanto
Inflatù ſolùm verè Ludovicea fiant.
Tu Galle *hinc grandis, plusquam* Sampſonius Heros,
Fœdera, Juramenta, Ligaminaque, illa tremenda
Aſſumpto *ſancita DEO, tibi vincla puſilla.*
Galle, *tibi Cælum Terras ambire ſcabellum :*
Fabula vana Fides ; vacuæ Mens conſcia nugæ.
Si quid opus precibus, tibi quid cæleſte colendum eſt,
En ubi adorandum Ludovici *Numen, amanda*
Ambitio *regnat plusquam* Dea : *Deperit unam*
Hanc ſolùm Venerem *divinam : Hinc Flamma, ſagittæ :*
Hinc novus anguſto Pellœus *hic æſtuat Orbe.*
Te liceat, Pellæe, cani ; reſerandaque pandi
Pectora ; quid Studium, Labor, Auſa, Faventiaque Aſtra-
(Tecum ſiquid habent Aſtra, & tu, Galle, *quid Aſtris!)*
Tu ſolùm tibi fide viam molire cruentam :
Nec vacat exiguis! Quid Jus, Æquumve? *Furenti*
Sunt mora nulla rotæ. Levior Currum Impetus urget.

Nulla

That dreadfulleſt of all her angry Pow'rs,
Rowz'd from his Bed of *Sanguin'd Lilies*, lou'rs.
Bloated with ſpight ſee his ſwoln Creſt upriſe :
The grin, the hiſs, Rage, Vengeance all conſpire.
Forth from his Sulph'rous Throat, and Flaming Eyes
He pours whole Torrents of invenom'd Fire.

But here, my Muſe, beneath thy pondrous Load
To thy Great Theme call no aſſiſting God.
For invocated Powrs thy Song to raiſe
Up to the mighty *Gaul*'s exalted Praiſe,
Call his own Conflagrations to inſpire
Thro' thy warms Veins the whole Poetick Fire :
From his own hardend Steel ſtring up thy Lyre :
And his Immortal *Trophies* to reherſe,
In his own darling Crimſon write thy Verſe.

Great *Lewis in* whoſe more then *Sampſon* Hands
Leagues, Oaths, and Sacraments are Cobweb Bands !
Who in the Charms of proud Ambition caught
So much his captiv'd Soul that Idol fires ;
Within her all things, and beyond her nought,
To her ador'd Fruition he aſpires,
His whole Eternal Joys, his utmoſt laſt Deſires.
Whilſt Conſcience but a Jeſt, and Faith his Mirth,
Tis' oer a trampled Heaven he mounts to Earth.
Here cou'd the Muſe ſurvey his Chace of Fame,
And all the Aiding Powrs that puſh the Game,
True only to himſelf he hews his way,
Unſtopt by Right or Juſtice fooliſh Plea.

Without

Nulla Aſtrea *comes! Non hòc tu pondere tardas*
Virgineo rapidos, præceps Auriga, triumphos.
Juris & Imperii, coram te Judice, Cauſà
Penſatâ, tu das Oracula ob ore tonantis
Juſtitiæ: Ratio *tibi ſola, tua* ultima, Fulmen.
Belgia *purpureum* Galli *bellantis Honorem*
Viderat. (Aurora *hæc* Ludovicea!) *Gloria prima eſt*
Te Pyrenæi *ſuperaſſe cacumina* Pacti.
Quid te detineat? Fieri ſi Fœdera *poſſint*
Pyrenæi *ipſi, per* Lethes *non* Stygis *undas*
Juranti, Hannibali *quid ſaxum debile* Gallo?

Sed quò Pegaſides, rapiturque volatile Carmen!
Imperij tibi ſacra fames, mundanaque ſolùm
Gloria, vota, preces, ſupremaque Gaudia complent?
Inclytus ille Heros Terrarum invaſeris Arces
Turribus excluſus cæleſtibus, exul ab Aſtris?
Oh nimiùm vaga Muſa! *Profana poemata,* Galle,
Corrigat; en videat tendentem ad Sydera palmas;
A Jove *teque genù flexo majora petentem.*
Hos ut ineffandos in Campis tollis Honores,
Non Pietas *tibi* Marte *minor! Tua diva Trophæa*
Quò non elata exultent! Quæ pectora poſſunt
Inflatus ambire tuos; Ludovicea Vota?
Oh numquam ſit poſſe parem dare ſæcla nec Orbes!
Quantæ molis erat te condere! Quis Labor Aſtris!
Te Mundo quærat Nemo quæ fata dederunt:
Fata vetent operam repeti—Sudantis ad Aras
Romanas *quantus* Ludovici *pectoris Ardor?*
Terreſtri Ambitui non ſacrior Ambitus impar.

Religio

Without their heavy luggage to his Cauſe
His proud Triumphant Chariot lighter draws:
Divine *Aſtrea*'s guiding Hand holds here
No part of his Mad Reins: His rapid Sphere
Her conſtellated Glories ne'er cou'd bear.
If ought of Juſtice in his Orb ſurvives
'Tis only in a flaming Carre ſhe drives.
He tries Dominion, Title, Empire, all,
By Pow'rs laſt Dint of Reaſon, *Cannon-ball.*
This Early *Jehu* in the *Flandrian* Wars,
His firſt long ſtride o're-leapt the *Pyrenæan Barrs.*
Were Treaties *Pirenees*; all feeble Blocks!
Gaul's *Hannibal* wou'd cut thro' ſuch weak Rocks.

But hold, my Muſe, how wild thy Raptures tour!
Is *Lewis* darling Adoration, POWER,
The only Idol of his Soul; and none
But this low'er Mundane Globe th' Aſpirers Throne!
Oh whither has thy Profanation driven!
Haſt thou aſſign'd him Earth, yet barſt him Heaven!
No, my *Urania*, mend that weak miſtake!
And to yet brighter Gallick Viſions wake.
Behold him at a yet ſublimer Shrine,
His Hand, Heart, Knee; oh! more then all Divine.
If ſuch is his unequall'd *Glory*'s due,
Sure his *Devotion*'s an Original too.
Alas, not Worlds nor Ages e'er muſt find
Samples of his inimitable kind.
Whate'er Pow'rs gave the World a Birth ſo great;
High Heav'n forbid they ſhou'd their Work repeat.

Religio *quid non audet tua? Tendit ad Aſtra*
Spes tua Cœleſtis, quondam ut Titania proles
Aggreſſa Æthereos cumulatis montibus Orbes.
Haud minor ecce Labor. Tibi ſcalas erigis altas
Cœlis ſcandendis Cladem Stragemque: Gigantum
Montes, en Gallo *cumulata cadavera ſupplent.*

Europæ *hic Prædo, cui vitæ, millia mille,*
Tot jugula exhauſta, Ambitui cecidere voraci
Victima purpurea; (heu nondum ſatiata cruore
Æternè ſitiet licèt ebria ſanguine Febris;)
Tam longâ rabie non hic exarſerit Heros,
Sed furor ecce novus rapitur majoribus auſis.
En ubi Spes Galli, *ſed Origo* Britannica, *Venæ*
Vel magis ambiguæ quàm Fons Ludoviceus, *Ortus*
Hic dubius Magni Ludovici *cura fovetur.*
Quid non hæc poterunt Cunab'la? Quid attrahat illa
Hinc proles, imbuta recens, nutritaque tanto
Suſceptore? Hinc Mens, Genius, Votum, Ambitus, omne
Inflandum: Hæc ſimilis ſimili dedit. A Jove Gallo
Decreta eſt Sceptris hæc Gloria mima Britannis.

Terrarum Imperium longo Molimine Galli
Quæſitum, minus hoc, Galli *inter ſomnia, mirum.*
Sed quando Ambitio ſic effrænata tumeſcit,
Somniaque alta petit tam cœlitùs, ut ſibi Numen
Arroget, hinc Orbem ſtupefecit; dummodo tantas
Projicit ampullas tam vana Superbia, demens
Ut ſonus, ipſe merè Galli, *putet, halitus oris*
Fati voce loqui poterit; Regeſque novelli
Tam levitèr fuerint Nutû Verboque creandi. *Ang-*

The warmeſt Zealot of *Rome*'s Bigot Pow'rs,
Like his *Ambition*, his *Religion* ſoars.
His Heav'nly Hopes, bear their uplifted Head
In the ſame Path the Sons of *Titan* led.
He to the Toyl of the old *Gyants* driven,
Forc'd to heap Mountain Piles to mount to Heav'n,
To make his Scaling Ladders to the Skies,
With Piles of Slaughter their heap'd Hills ſupplies.

This furious Hunter, whoſe mad Thirſt of Fame
With hundred hundred thouſand ſtreaming Veins,
So gorg'd, yet ſo unquench't th' inſatiate Flame,
With no leſs Drought the burning Feavour reigns;
Has not ſo madly trod the Stage before,
But for one heighten'd Scene of Frenzy more,
Fond ev'n of Veins more doubtful than his own,
A Nurs'ry warm'd by *Lewis* Beams alone;
That young *Adoption* ſo ſublimely bred,
So early from *His* Cradle Nurture fed,
From his great Founder's Model ſtampt his own,
He ſets this Pageant up for th' *Albion Throne*.

To Univerſal Empire to aſpire,
Lewis long Golden Dream, we leſs admire:
But here we ſomething more amazing view;
When the big Dreamer graſps at God-head too;
Vainly puff't up to that ſtupendious height,
To think his *Word* alone can ſtamp with Fate;
Such cheap-made Kings ev'en with a *Breath* create.

This

Angliaci Solij fundamina Gallica! —Solùm
Hanc operam aeriam Ludovicea Machina *movit.*
Cùm Gallus *prægnans hoc* Jupiter *edidit auſum,*
A divo cerebello heu nata minutula Pallas.
Tam grande Inceptum propriâ depingere plumâ,
Adſtitit hîc Lucina, *immenſa* Audacia *ſolùm:*
Dormiit ad rapidum Prudentia *parvula partum.*
Non facile aſcendit Regni Graſſator; opuſque
Non leve poſſe rapi credat Diadema Britannum.
Sceptrorum huic fabro tentare per ardua tutè
Tantam tanta viam, (ſit ſiqua Minervula *tali*
Conſilio,) Galli *Labor ille,* Britannia, *Primus*
(Sit modò poſſe) foret tibi conſopiiſſe Leones:
Non tantas armâſſe iras, ut conſcia læſæ
Regna Poteſtatis ſurgant, & Gloria vindex
Fulminet in proprium contundere pulveris ortum
Effigiem hanc luteam Divorum; fictile Numen.
Dum tamen Icariis rapitur Veſania pennis,
Sic *monet errantem Prudentior* Anglia Gallum.
" *Heu* MAJESTATI *non ille typographus* ANGLÆ
" *Nec* Regale Aurum Galli *à fornace petendum.*
" GLORIA *ſi fuerit* DIVA *excudenda* Britannis,
" *Tu tua ſola fabra es; tua Mœnia & Arva tueris,*
" *Ut quondam tenuit* Paradiſea Janua *clavem:*
" Gloria lapſa *tuos Oh nunquam poſſidet hortos.*
" *Excludi æternum eſt. Tibi, firmior,* Anglia, Porta
" *Clauditur* Edenſis: *Flammantem conſpice* DEXTRIS
" *En tibi* QUINGENTIS *Propugnatricibus Enſem.*

Sic Vox & Ratio vovet Anglica, & illa voventis
Juſtitia *eloquitur; quæ non Cæleſtia movit* *Pec-*

This *French* Foundation of an *Engliſh* Throne,
Such airy Caſtle-work, was all his own.
Gaul's teeming *Jove*, at this prodigious Birth,
Brought but a very ſmall *Minerva* forth.
This vaſt Deſign, its Glory to confeſs,
Had Daring infinite, but Thinking leſs:
Starters to Empire not ſo eaſily riſe:
Britain's gay Diadem's a tougher Prize.

Had the leaſt Beam of a prudential Thought,
Its ayding Light to this Conception brought,
This Scepter-founder for ſo bold a puſh,
Should wiſely firſt have lull'd her *Lyons* huſh;
Not rowz'd an *Engliſh* Arm of Pow'r more juſt
To Pound his new-made *Dagon* into Duſt.
Alas, this Tourer takes too wild a Flight:
But wiſer *Albion*, at this clearer Light,
Reſolves to ſet the Royal Wand'rer right.

" No *Britiſh* MAJESTY of *Lewis* Print!
" No *Engliſh Sterling* from a *Gallick* Mint!
" Her Stamp of KINGS muſt be her own true *Mould:*
" Her *Garden* like the Bliſsful *Bow'rs* of old,
" *Excluſion* and *Faln Glory* ne'er muſt hold.
" *Britain*'s bar'd *Eden Gate* ſecurelier ſtands:
" The Flaming Sword's in her FIVE HUNDRED
Guardian Hands.

So ſpoke the *SOUL* of *Britain*, and ſo well
She weigh'd the Pondrous Accents e'er they fell:

Pectora! Spectentur Decreta Britannica *dextrâ*
Non ſolùm ſignata ſuâ; Divum ecce ſigillum.
Ad Partes en Aſtra vocata & Numen amicum.
Eugè etenim memoranda Dies, ea, cum Jovis *Ales,*
Auſtriaca, *heu ſupplex,* Aquila *elanguentibus alis*
Tequetuum Martemq; *exorans,* Anglia, *tantâ*
Tutelà tantisq; redempta Ultoribus, undas
Danubij *vidit Gallorum ſtrage rubentes.*
Inde novas recipit plumas, Fulmenque tuorum
Hinc reſtauratum victrice ex Ungue Leonum.
Ex hoc trajecto Rubicone *en alea jacta eſt.*
Imperijq; *Salus & nunc verè* Arbiter Orbis,
Quæ caput invictis Europæum obtegis armis,
Nil tibi tu timeas. Tantis quid Viribus obſtat!
Velle tuum ſatis eſt; concedunt Numina poſſe,
Numina quæ Terris ANNAM*q*; ANNÆ*q*; *dederunt*
MARLBORIUM; *ſæclis ſic conſuluere beandis.*
Imò ubi feſſus Atlas, NASSOVIUS *exuit Orbem*
Suſcepturus onus Divinius; hunc dedit ANNÆ:
Hunc Cura Imperij, necdum finita, Britannis
Legavit. Moriente manû non excidit Enſis.
Hæredem hoc divo ditavit munere. Vitæ
Quid lapſus; Genio non illabente, receſſit.
Famq; opus exegit, ſic tranſmigrâſſe, WILELMI
Gloria, ut in Terris Heros, poſt funera Vates,
Inflatam ex humeris devolvit ab æthere Veſtem;
Et novus Elijah *cognatis additur Aſtris.*

The End.

Juſtice and *Prudence* with thoſe Beams Divine
Thro' her great Oracles of Reaſon ſhine,
Juſtice that ev'n with that Attraction draws
That Heav'n it ſelf's a Party in this Cauſe.
Britannia, thy Decrees not only ſtand
Sign'd by thy own, but the Immortal Hand;
Witneſs the Day when th' *Albion Lyons* Led,
Beyond the far ſtretch't *Danube*'s watry Bed
T' upraiſe the *Auſtrian Eagles* drooping Head:
Her native Thunder by thy Arm reſtord
And moulted Wings new plumed once more ſhe ſoard.
That crimſon'd *Rubicon* to Glory paſt;
At one bold Throw, the Lot of *Empire* caſt,
Thou'ſt in one ſingle Field of Laurels ſhewn.
She who ſhields Europe's *Head, can Guard her own.*
Thy Great Reſolves thus fix'd for ever ſure,
Thy own the Will, and Heav'n has lent the Pow'r:
Heav'n that to make our laſting Bleſſings flow
Has given the World an *ANNE*, and *ANNE a*
(MARLBOROUGH.
Yes, when tir'd WILLIAM from his Shoulders throwd,
For a more Heavenly Charge, his Earthly Load,
The gracious Monarch's laſt Expiring Breath
(*Britain* his darling Care ev'n beyond Death)
Did to great ANNE this Leading Chief bequeath.
His Dying Hand diſdain'd to leave behind
A falling Sword, not loſt it, but reſign'd.
His tranſmigrated Genius thus ſupplied,
He liv'd the *Hero* and the *Prophet* died.
Up to the Skyes *Elijah* like withdrew,
And drop'd the Spirited Mantle as he flew.

F I N I S.

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